BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

Published by

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For three months..... 1 00

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WHEN

Steamboats will sink or burn?

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Boilers or lamps will explode?

Horses will take fright and run?

Bricks or timbers will fall?

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Machinery will crush or mangle?

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Ladder or staging will give way?

Animals will kick or bite?

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Fatal or disabling injury by accident may be caused in any one of a thousand ways

As no one knows, the only safe and sure way is to

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5
Empty teams half-price.	

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

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Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5
Empty teams, half-price.	

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The best and most efficient wood and metal working Lathes. All styles and sizes.

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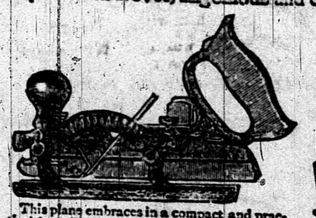
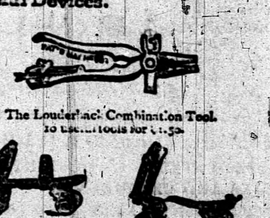


This plane embraces in a compact and practical form Beading and Center Beading Plane; Rabbet and Filleter; Dado; Flow; Matching Plane and a superior Slitting Plane. All adjustable and equipped with all the various bits and cutters. Price, complete, $7.50



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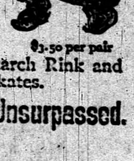

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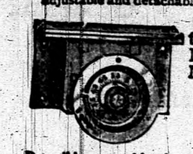

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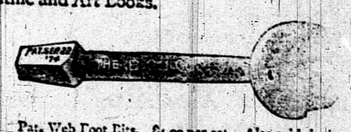

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Manufacturer of Acorn Dress Shirts Collars, Cuffs, Shirt Fronts, Ladies' Collars and Lace Neckwear,

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THIS IS THE "WONDER SHIRT"

The latest shirt issued under the "Acorn" Brand is THE WONDER," and it is also the best shirt ever made for the Trade.

The following are some of its principal points of excellence, a printed list of which is attached to each shirt:

1st—It has the finest and heaviest muslin ever put in a shirt, (Utica Nonpareil improved).

2—It has a 3-ply linen bosom.

3—It is of extra length.

4—It is reinforced, both back and front, extending and meeting under the arm where most needed.

5—It has the Tomlinson patent endless facing.

6—It is custom make and finish.

7—It cannot break or tear anywhere.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

How His Prowess Led to the Capture of the Murderous Bushrod Rush.

One morning just as daylight a number of years ago, a farmer named Peter Rush, living near Hillsboro, Illinois, while on his way from the house to the barn to care for the stock, discovered a badly wounded man lying on the path.

The stranger, as was afterwards known, had been to the barn the night, but failing to secure the horse had started for the house. Overcome by pain and weakness, he had fallen in a faint, and had been lying on the ground an hour when discovered by the farmer.

The wounded man was at once removed to the house and placed on a bed, and he soon revived enough to tell his story.

He said that he was a jeweler, and companion and partner. The two had quarrelled the previous evening, and Skelling, as he gave his name, had been shot and left by the roadside to die.

He had a bullet in the shoulder and another in the calf of the leg. Both were still in the flesh, and when Rush announced that he would bring a doctor, Skelling begged him not to do so. His wounds were not dangerous, and he would run all the risks.

The Rushes, man and wife, were simple people, and the stranger found ready believers in any story he told. He induced them to give him an upstairs bedroom, and to conceal from everyone the fact of his presence in the house.

In two weeks he was able to be about, and at the end of the third he disappeared.

The Rushes found him to be a well-educated, pleasant-spoken, and kind-hearted man. He not only passed much of his time reading the Bible, but was full of religious quotations and familiar with the writings of the apostles.

He had visited all the principal cities in America, and the long evenings were spent in telling them of the sights he had seen and the adventures he had passed through.

Nothing had been said as to pay and the Rushes did not know whether he had money or was penniless. The secret of his presence was preserved from the neighbors, who were daily in and out, and as he grew better, Skelling boasted that the man who tried to kill him in cold blood would soon be hunted down and justly punished.

One evening, as the three sat talking there came a strange knock at the door Skelling had time to get upstairs before it was answered.

The traveller proved to be a detective from Chicago, on the track of a trio of criminals who had committed several robberies in and about the Garden City. Their last exploit had been the robbery of a treasure chest belonging to a band of fifty Norwegian immigrants going to Wisconsin.

The trunk had been taken from the midst of them as they sat in the depot and had not been missed until the men were well off. They had been tracked to Pekin, and thence to Springfield and Pana, and at the latter place it was believed they had cut across the country in a rig stolen from a farmer. The rig had subsequently been found near Vandalia, abandoned by the roadside.

The officer questioned the Rushes very closely as to what strangers had been seen in the neighborhood, and they answered all inquiries without giving their guest away. While they did not in the least suspect him of being one of the trio, they had passed their word not to reveal his presence.

The detective was in the house about an hour, and when he was ready to depart he discovered that the horse and buggy he had come from Pana with had been stolen. Rush lent him a saddle horse, and, after a search up and down the country roads, the officer returned to town in no agreeable frame of mind.

When Rush went upstairs to give his guest the news the man had disappeared, having opened the window and climbed down on a shed. There was no question but he had taken the detective's rig, and though the Rushes were rather slow-witted, it did not take them long to come to the conclusion that they had freely and generously entertained one of the criminals.

It was nearly five years after the stranger left the farm house that Rush one day received a letter from the prison at Joliet asking him to come at once and ask for a convict named William O'Neill.

He went, and he found the man in the hospital and dying of consumption. O'Neill proved to be Skelling. Further than that he acknowledged that he was one of the robbers who stole the treasure chest of the immigrants. They were proceeding across the country, and got into an altercation within about a mile of Rush's place, with the result that O'Neill was shot.

After his escape from the farm house he visited various States, continuing his criminal career, and was finally jugged at Joliet on a fifteen years' sentence.

He had not forgotten the kindness shown him at the farm house, and he was now ready to repay it. He gave Rush directions where to find a sum of money in Chicago, and Rush went there and got it—nearly $8,000 in gold and greenbacks. Inside of a fortnight O'Neill was dead.

It has been estimated that the power exerted by the tail of a whale eighty feet long and twenty feet across the flukes of the tail, in propelling it at the rate of twelve miles an hour, is equal to the power of 145 horses.

Dress of American Diplomats Abroad.

Ever since the declaration of American independence the representatives of the United States abroad have been much troubled by the question of dress.

Franklin is known to have appeared at the court of Louis XVI. in plain clothes; "but it is now well known," says Mr. Schuyler, "that this was not owing to any love of simplicity on the part of Franklin, but merely to the fact that on a certain occasion his presence was so much desired at court, when he had no clothes in which he considered it fit to appear, that he was requested to come in whatever he happened to be wearing at the moment. Many American Ministers wished to make of this quite exceptional incident a formal precedent.

"Mr. John Quincy Adams had already pointed out, as long ago as 1809, that the formalities of court presentations ought not, by sensible men, to be either valued or despised; and in 1823, Mr. Adams recommended the use of a particular uniform, of which he gave a formal description as well as an engraved plate. But in 1853, Ministers were recommended by the Foreign Department to appear in the simple dress of an American citizen; the example of Dr. Franklin being inappropriately cited in support of the practice.

"The effect of the new order was to subject the American Ministers in various capitals to slights and rebuffs.

"At Stockholm, the King was willing to receive Mr. Shr eder in plain dress for business purposes, but would not waive for any one 'the etiquette of his house.'

"Mr. Vroom, at Berlin, was told that 'his Majesty would not consider an appearance before him without costume as respectful.'

"Mr. Buchanan was excluded from the diplomatic tribune at the opening of Parliament because he refused to wear court dress; and Sir Edward Cust told him that 'he hoped he would not appear at court in the dress he wore upon the street,' whereupon he presented himself in evening dress, with a sword and cocked hat."

She Took Them in Her Arms.

The Lombard and South Street line has had the renown of carrying more market people and children than any other in this city.

There has been a perceptible falling off in the latter within the last two weeks, due to the order that conductors must collect full fare, five cents, from all passengers except babies in arms.

A lady and her two children boarded one of the little green cars for the Park yesterday. The little ones, apparently two and four years, mounted the seats and each, on its knees, was soon peering from an open window. The conductor came in and the mother handed him a five cent piece.

"Fifteen cents," said the conductor.

"What for?" asked she.

"Five cents for each of the children. Just read that card up there."

The lady looked up and read the printed notice to the conductor to collect full fare from all except children in arms.

In an instant the woman picked up the little ones and placed one on each arm with an air of defiance to the conductor, who rang his gong for one and retreated to the platform to the intense delight of the other passengers.—[Philadelphia Star.

The Tenebræ in the Chapel at Vauze.

The following is from the pen of the late Lord Beaconsfield, better known as Mr. Disraeli. Readers of cultivation will appreciate this poem in prose, which has an interest beyond itself as significant of the fervid religious feelings of the author.

"Manifold art had combined to create this exquisite temple and to guide all its ministrations. But to-night it was not the radiance of the altar and the splendor of stately priests, the processions and the incense, the divine choir and the celestial harmonies resounding and lingering in arched roofs, that attracted many a neighbor.

"The altar was desolate; the choir was dumb; while the services proceeded in hushed tones of subdued sound, and sometimes even of suppressed anguish, gradually, with each psalm and canticle a light of the altar was extinguished, till at length the 'Miserere' was muttered and all became darkness.

"A sound as of a distant and rising wind was heard, and a crash, as if were the fall of trees in a storm. The earth is covered with darkness and the veil of the Temple is rent.

"But just at this moment of extreme woe, when all human voices are silent and when it is forbidden even to breathe 'Amen,' when everything is symbolical of the confusion and despair of the Church at the loss of her expiring Lord, a priest brings forth a concealed light of silvery flame from the corner of the altar.

"This is the light of the world and announces resurrection, and then all rise up and depart in silence."

It Would Keep the Court Busy.

A comical case was recently brought before the Probate Court in this district.

A petition was referred to the court to put a woman under a conservator, on the ground that she proposed marrying a worthless fellow, who was in pursuit of a little money she had saved. It does not appear that she was of unsound mind except in this particular direction.

Unluckily the suit was withdrawn, and we shall never know whether a court of probate can be put to any such useful purpose as the petitioners claimed. If it is to place every one under a conservator who designs marrying foolishly it will certainly be a very busy tribunal.—[Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer.

A PRETTY TOUGH YARN.

The Truthful Mariner of the Robin Goodfellow Himself.

"Talking about life-preservers," said the truthful mariner as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "you remember the old steamer Roundabout that used to run from Buffalo to Chicago. I was mate on her the year before she was lost. We were about sixty miles out from Chicago when Mike Lanagan, who was doing something up on the mast, fell, struck on his head on the roof of the cabin, and bounced clean out into the lake. Well, the captain he seen him fall and stopped and backed the old Roundabout quicker'n you could say 'scat.' Mike went down like a plummet, for I was knocked insensible and I know there was no use to have a life-preserver for him, so I just hurried up the boys in getting the yawl clear, although I don't know as that was much good. We had Jim King on board. Passenger from Chicago. You remember Jim King, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do, replied a bystander.

"Well, Jim was champion quoit-thrower in them days. He's dead now, poor fellow, but Jim was a boss on throwing quoits. I tell you quoits were a great game in them days. Every village had a quoit club, and the boys on the farms used to throw horse-shoes. It was somethin' like base-ball in these times, although I never could see as much fun in base-ball as I could see in a good game of quoits."

"O, come off," cried the impatient listener. "What did Jim do, or did he do any thing? Did the man drown?"

"Now, don't be too fly. Who's tellin' this yarn?"

"Well, you don't seem to be."

"Go on! Go on!" said the crowd.

"Well, you know, in quoits a 'ringer' was when you put the quoit round the stake. It counted double. Well, Jim, he picks up the round life-preserver—it's like a great big quoit, you know—and as the Cap'n came running aft, Jim he sings out, Cap'n, I'll bet you $5 I'll make a ringer on that man if he comes up within the length of this line."

"'Bet you $20 you can't" said the Cap'n.

"'Take you,' said Jim, and just at that minit up bobs Mike's head about sixty feet astern. Jim threw, and I'll be durned if that life-preserver didn't go plumb over on Mike's head clear down on his shoulders, and there it stuck. We got down the boat and when we got to Mike he hadn't come to yet and didn't for some time after. He'd been a goner if it hadn't bin fur that ringer, although it took the skin offen his nose."

"Did the Captain pay the $20?"

"Pay it? You jist bet he did. And Jim he handed it over to Mike, and Mike he blew it all in when we got to Detroit. I wish some of it was here now fur I'm mighty dry. Thanks. Don't mind if I do."

Optional Civilities.

Optional civilities, such as saying to one's inferior, "Do not stand without your hat," to one's equal, "Do not rise, I beg of you," "Do not come out in the rain to put me in my carriage," naturally occur to the kind-hearted, but they may be cultivated.

A husband in France moves out an easy-chair for his wife, and sets a foot-stool for every lady. He hands her the morning paper, he brings a shawl if there is danger of a draught, he kisses her hand when he comes in, and tries to make himself agreeable to her in the matter of these little optional civilities.

It has the most charming effect upon all domestic life, and we find a curious allusion to the politeness observed by French sons towards their mothers and fathers in one of Molière's comedies, where a prodigal son observes to his father, who comes to denounce him:

"Pray, sir, take a chair, you could scold me so much more at your ease if you were seated."

"Fads" and "Faddists."

A word that is often heard in English political talk is "fad". It has hardly yet found its way into the dictionaries, but "fads" are many, and "faddists" and "fadmongers" abound. Mr. Sala has suggested that the word is a corruption of "faddle," to dandle—in French, dorlotor. A "faddist" is continually dandling and caressing his "fad." It is more probably a contraction of "fidfad," a word that has been long in use with much the same meaning as "fad." Edward Moore, writing in The World in 1754, applies the word to a very precise person—"The youngest, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a slattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in everything she does, an absolute fidfad." From "fidfad" in this sense to the modern "fad" and "faddist" is not a very violent transition. The tendency to abbreviation is very general. *Home Journal.*

Essaying the Knock Out Blow.

"The reason why so many pugilists are breaking their arms in fights," said a local boxer, "is found in their crazy recklessness to get in a knock out blow. This blow is aimed at the jugular vein, and the pugilist, in attempting to accomplish this feat, often strikes too high, driving his hand with terrific force against his opponent's skull and snapping the big bone in his wrist as though it were a pipe stem. It often happens, too, that the pugilist essaying the knock out blow drives his hand against his opponent's elbow, which has been thrown up as a guard. This proves almost as disastrous to the aggressor as the cranium hit. It is time that this swinging knock out blow was discarded. A straight punch from the shoulder was good enough for the old timers. It ought to be good enough now."

Valuable Household Maxim.

Impress upon your wife that early to bed and early to rise is the best motto for a woman to live up to.

This will insure you a warm bed at night and a hot breakfast in the morning.—[Judge.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 4, 1890.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

H. A. McCRANEY, Manager of the Central & Northern California Press Association, No. 18 Montgomery street.
E. C. DAKE, 65 Merchants' Exchange.
L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange.
G. H. KELLOGG, 330 Pine street.

The ex-Empress of Brazil, wife of Dom Pedro, died at Oporto, on December 29th. Her last words were: "Alas! Brazil! Brazil! that beautiful country I cannot return to thee." The death of his wife has greatly prostrated Dom Pedro, and he may not survive her long.

The General Term of New York has decided that execution by electricity is not a cruel punishment, and that Kemmler must be executed that way, the law being Constitutional.

The Railroad Company has about 500 men at work on the Central Pacific shoveling snow at $2 a day and board. The track is lined with men for forty miles, from Truckee to Blue Canyon.

Of the one hundred and twenty-seven horses that won over $5,000 on the turf last season, Haggin's Salvador heads the list with $71,380, and Flyaway is at the bottom. The horses won $1,481,427.

On Thanksgiving eve an Oakland lady's pet canary bird had a shock of palsy and lost the sight of one eye, and on Christmas eve the bird had another shock and became blind in both eyes.

Controller Dana has decided that he cannot transfer the $100,000 surplus of the San Quentin jute profits from the State Prison Fund to the General Fund, as requested by the State Prison Directors.

France is the name of a five-masted steel ship, building at Glasgow. She will be the largest sailing vessel afloat, being over 3,800 tons register, 376 feet long with 33.7 feet beam.

Secretary Tracy has named the coast defense vessel, building at San Francisco, the Monterey, in commemeration of the great victory of the American forces in Mexico.

An English syndicate has offered $45 a share for the famous Granite Mountain mine, Montana, which, at that rate, would be worth $18,000,000.

It is understood that E. W. Roberts, of Nevada, is to be the next Register of the Land Office at Sacramento, and Charles F. Gardner, Receiver.

Robert J. Stevens, U. S. Consul at Victoria, died suddenly at Seattle while preparing a Christmas tree. He was a native of Rhode Island, aged 65.

Charles Brown, a switchman at Sacramento, was run over by an entire train on Christmas Day. He left a wife and child, and was aged 35.

Coroner Walter M. Bishop, and his deputy, J. E. Williams, of Fresno, have been arrested for presenting fraudulent bills to the Supervisors.

On Christmas Day, at Sacramento, John Mc Fetrich, a well known journalist of this coast, died suddenly. He was a member of the Grand Army and 43 years of age.

D. J. Considene, a prominent Democratic politician, was dangerously stabbed at Sacramento on Christmas Day.

All through the Eastern and Western States Christmas Day was balmy and Spring-like.

At Boston large quantities of liquors have been seized which were smuggled in car loads of hay from Canada.

James S. McDonald was killed by falling down the shaft of the Kennedy mine, at Jackson, Amador county.

Los Angeles and San Diego and vicinity have suffered heavy damages by the late heavy rains.

The Southern Ute Indians want to be removed to Utah, in accordanae with the treaty made last year.

The influenza has reached Los Angeles, where a large number of prominent people have been taken down with it.

On Saturday night last eight negroes were lynched at Barnville, S. C., for murder.

On the 18th of December there was a revolt in Brazil against the Republic, which, however, was promptly suppressed.

T. C. Bray, a prominent merchant of Prescott, Arizona, after a ten week debauch, died on December 23d.

The United States brand new squadron has arrived at Lisbon.

The ladies of Oakland regaled their New Year's Day callers with eggnog.

Three hundred New York policemen are down with the influenza.

OUR MAILS.

The postal laws require bidders for mail contracts to acquaint themselves with all the merits and demerits of the routes over which they propose to carry the mails. It is their business to know whether their routes are "Summer routes" all the year, or difficult to run in the winter months. This wise provision of the law is in the interests of the "dear people," but in letting mail contracts the "dear people" are lost sight of, the contractor being King. The contracts for California routes are, with but few exceptions, awarded to rich Eastern contractors, at big figures, and they sublet at half what they get, and then the sub lets his sub-contract at a figure that will allow him a nice income for doing nothing, and the last contractor gets so small a sum that he cannot do his duty in cases of emergencies. The people of Bridgeport are and have been the victims of this damnable system of letting mail contracts. Every man living in the mountains of California knows that in the Winter our roads are more or less obstructed by snow, requiring the mail to be brought in on snowshoes for a few days, and none know this better than the sub-contractors themselves, but when such an emergency arises they squat beside their hot stove and wait for the people or the sun to open the road, instead of sending their mail matter out by an expert snowshoeist, who abound in every mountain community, particularly in this county, where there are many Scandinavians, who are as much at home on snowshoes as a cowboy is on his horse, and any of them can walk off with many pounds of mail matter on their back, and such a one should have been hired by the sub contractor running between this place and Bodie, and then our citizens might have had their full letter and paper mails, almost daily, instead of allowing our mails to remain in Bodie. A full mail has not come to this office since December 21st, and the Bodie Post and Express offices are filled with delayed mails and packages which should have been brought around by way of Sweetwater before Christmas, and New Year's. The people of Bridgeport are never unreasonable in their demands respecting the mails in the Winter, but they expect the contractor to use every exertion to push the mails through, but he has not done so, and it is not to be wondered at that they are indignant.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

The Southern Pacific has had but little trouble this Winter in operating the Central Pacific Railroad over the mountains. The new rotary snow plow has been grandly successful, and as the present snowsheds, with perhaps a few exceptions, will not be rebuilt, after they are destroyed by fire, or are worn out, the tourist will find a trip over the Sierra Nevada Mountains the event of his life. The unsightly snowsheds have in years past deprived the traveler of a sight of the finest scenery in the world. The traveling public having occasion to travel over the Central Pacific should "drop a nickle in the slot," for the benefit of the inventor of the rotary snow plow.

On the death of Jeff Davis the people of Atlanta, Ga., at once started a subscription for the benefit of his family, and several thousand dollars were raised without an effort. It is proposed to raise $100,000, his debts amounting to $41,000. Mrs. Davis will not accept charity, so it is proposed to buy the 6,000 acres of valuable land belonging to the Davis estate in Arkansas, which Davis proposed to sell for $100,000. After this little business is attended to, we may expect to see subscriptions taken to build a monument to the conspirator, and which will likely be erected before the cornerstone of the Grant monument is laid, unless the remains of the honored dead are removed from New York to Washington, and Congress appropriates enough to build it.

Henry W. Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution, died at his home on the 23d of December, aged 40 years. He was of the best known and ablest editors of the South, and a fine orator. He was a strong Protectionist, and was talked of for U. S Senator.

Eastern and Western shooting teams are making a tour of the United States, giving exhibitions. They will be in San Francisco in due time. They must look out or our California sharpshooters will get away with them.

On Christmas every messenger boy that called at the Stanford residence, in Washington, was presented with a dollar for a pair of mittens and woolen comforter.

It is gratifying to know that the Southern Pacific Company has its lines to the South in good running order again.

BIRTH.

ARNOT—In Markleville, Christmas Day, to the wife of Judge N. D. Arnot, a son.

NEW TO-DAY

FRESNO AND MERCED COUNTY LANDS TO RENT AND FOR SALE.

75,000 ACRES of Wheat and Sugar Beet Land in the above Counties, to rent for a term of years. Also,

100,000 ACRES of fine Bottom, Fruit, Alfalfa and Sugar Beet Land, with water for irrigation, for sale in tracts of from 20 acres to large tracts suitable for Colony purposes.

For particulars, apply to

E. B. PERRIN,
408 Kearny street, San Francisco.

He Caught a Burglar.

A good story is told by the Providence *Journal* of a well-known citizen of Providence who, in view of recent burglaries in his neighborhood, concluded to remain over night at his city residence. During the evening he lay down upon a lounge meditating what he would do in case his castle should be invaded by thieves that night. While thus meditating he fell asleep, and his slumbers were so refreshing that nearly two hours passed before he awoke. Opening his eyes and ears he fancied he saw and heard some one in the house. Securing a position which enabled him to have an unobstructed view, he saw a man in another room. He came upon him unexpectedly and struck him a blow which nearly felled him to the floor. Judge of his surprise when he discovered that the man he had so vigorously pounded was a policeman who had received instructions to guard the house while the owner was supposed to be out of the city with his family. The policeman told him in explanation of his presence that he saw a light in the house, and finding the door unfastened, had walked in and been all over the house in search of the supposed thief or thieves, and had just telepooned to the station for help to make the capture.

New Wood-Hardening Process.

"The recently invented process," says *Iron*, "by which wood is made to take on some of the special characteristics of metal has been turned to practical account in Germany. By this process the surface becomes so hard and smooth as to be susceptible of a high polish, and may be treated with a burnisher of either glass or porcelain, the appearance of the wood being then in every respect that of polished metal, having, in fact, the semblance of a polished mirror, but with this peculiar and advantageous difference, namely, that, unlike metal, it is unaffected by moisture. To reach this result the wood is steeped in a bath of caustic alkali for two or three days together, according to its degree of permeability, at a temperature of between 165 and 167 degrees Fahrenheit. It is then placed in a second bath of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added after some twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The third bath is one of acetate of lead, at a temperature of from 65 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and in this latter the wood is allowed to remain from thirty to fifty hours. After being subjected to a thorough drying it is in a condition for being polished with lead, tin or zinc, as may be desired, finishing the process with a burnisher, when the wood apparently becomes a piece of shining, polished metal."

The First Public School.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first public school in the United States, sustained by a direct tax on the people, was held at Meeting-House Hill, Dorchester, Mass., June 22, 1889.

Stanley is Back!

AND HAS ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD

By the announcement of his safe return to civilization. His adventures and discoveries have been **grand, wonderful, marvelous. The world has seen** nothing like them before. His thrilling adventures, marvelous discoveries, daring exploits, astounding privations, wonderful trip across the Dark Continent, **now he found Emin Bey,** everything will be included, from his first entrance into Africa to the present time. Everybody wants the new

Genuine Stanley Book!

From Stanley's own writings and despatches. Over 400 of the grandest and most wonderful **new engravings and Colored Plates** ever seen in a book of travels. It has been eagerly awaited, and will be more sought after, make more money for the agent and make it easier than any book issued for the **past fifty years.**

CAUTION! Old and unreliable accounts of Stanley travels are being published. To not be deceived by old books, re hashes and battered plates, we announce this to protect our agents and the public against the numerous, worthless so called Stanley books—all of which are simply old books that have been in use for years, and are now being offered as new books, with a few pages of new matter added.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Teachers, Young Men and Ladies, Minister, Farmer, Mechanic and Clerks can easily make from $5 to $20 per day. No experience required. Canvassing outfits now ready. Send immediately for illustrated circulars, terms, free, or, to secure an agency at once, send $1 00 for the outfit and you shall be served first. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Address

THE HISTORY CO.,
723 Market street, San Francisco.

PROBATE NOTICE.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY OF Mono, State of California,

In the matter of the Estate of CHARLES AUGUSTUS SCHUMAN, Deceased.

Estate of Charles Augustus Schuman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Augustus Schuman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the Law Office of W. O. Parker, on Main street, Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 28th day of December 1889.

MRS. C. A. SCHUMAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Augustus Schuman, deceased.

Indorsed: Filed this Dec. 28, 1889. O. H. Kister, Clerk.

ATTEST: A true copy.
O. H. KISTER, Clerk.
d28-4w

LEGAL.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., November 21, 1889.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Mono County, California, at Bridgeport, on

JANUARY 6th, 1890,

viz: SAMUEL T. OAILS, Pre emption D. S., No 1421, for the N ½ of S W ¼, S ½ of S W ¼ of Sec. 17; N E ¼ of N W ¼ of Sec. 2, T. 4 N., R. 25 E., M. D. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz.

William Barnes, David Elder, Louis Gallek son and Charles Simonds, all of Antelope Valley, Mono Co. Cal.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
Register.

a23-4d

A Mule's Consistency.

A rich man had a piece of land upon which a poor man was grazing. "I shall harness you," said the man to the mule, "and make you plow this land to grow melons on, of which I am very fond, while the stalks will supply you with food." To which the mule replied: "If I consent to toil on your plan you will have all the melons and I will be worse off than I am now, inasmuch as I will have to eat dry stalks instead of fresh green grass. I'll not do it, sir." "How unreasonable you are," remonstrated the land owner; "your father never had any food but thistles, and yet worked sixteen hours a day without grumbling." "Alas! that is true," retorted the mule, "but, you know, my father was an ass."

MEDICAL.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to serious suicide. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes digestion, relieves headache, clears the mind, and cures dyspepsia.

In a Terrible Condition.

"I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. For two years I was in a terrible condition with dyspepsia. I could eat nothing but soda crackers, and my weight fell from 170 to 133 pounds. Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me at once, and after using 12 bottles I was entirely cured. I have gained my usual weight, 170 pounds, and have had excellent health ever since." T. J. WILCOX, 29-26 1st South street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Headache—Hot Flashes.

"I had headache, hot flashes, soreness and swelling across my back, pain in my right side, with frequent vomiting. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results. I am in better health than for four years. Hood's Sarsaparilla is safe, reliable, and sure." J. C. WILLSON, Auburn, Cal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

MISCELLANEOUS

Mrs. J. F. Crowell,

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

JUST RECEIVED!

NEW GINGHAMS,

Beatrice Drapery for Curtains, Turkish Tidies,

LATEST STYLES OF HOSIERY FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF SHOES FOR BABIES.

A Fine Stock of Ladies' Underwear.

LADIES' FRENCH KID SHOES, OF THE FINEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES.

Also PEBBLE GOAT SHOES.

MISSES and CHILDREN'S SHOES a Specialty.

Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves, Mitts, Etc.

RUCHINGS, RIBBONS and a Large Assortment of FANCY ARTICLES.

DROP IN, LADIES, and EXAMINE MY NEW STOCK.

No trouble to show Goods; that is what We are here for! j-8 tf

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Quick Time and Cheap Fares To Eastern and European Cities,

VIA the Great Transcontinental all rail Routes

—OF THE—

Southern Pacific Company.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Daily Express Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway lines in the East,

AND AT

NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS

With the several Steamer Lines to

ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

—AND—

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

attached to Overland Express Trains.

Tickets sold, Sleeping Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders Sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

A. N. Towne. R. Gray. T. H. Goodman,
Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Mgr. Gen. P. & T. Agt
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAILROAD LANDS

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address

W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R.
SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address

JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R.
SAN FRANCISCO.

PIONEER SALOON,

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET,

BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon

au2-tf F. M. RICHARDSON.

THE BRICK SALOON.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS,

And will be conducted first class.

a2-1 THOS. F. CODY, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTOFFICE STORE,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

HAS IN STOCK

Choice Family Groceries,

DRY GOODS

FANCY GOODS.

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES and HATS,

Wines and Liquors,

PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS and WICK

Hardware,

Stationery, Confectionary,

Powder and Shot.

A. F. BRYANT.

JOE A. BROWN,

General Merchandise,

Main Street, Bridgeport.

Choice Family Groceries,

Fancy and Toilet Articles,

Canales and Nuts

Yankee Notions,

Powder, Shot, Caps and Cartridges,

Stationery, etc., etc.

D. HAYS & BRO

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Consisting of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

Provisions

Wines and Liquors.

CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass,

BUCKEYE MOWERS and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

ADVERTISE IN THE CHRONICLE-UNION. THE LEADING PAPER OF MONO COUNTY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. J. HUGHES,

Blacksmith and Wagon Maker

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HORSE AND OX SHOEING,

AND GENERAL JOBBING

TYPE METAL

For Sale at

This Office

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT P. E. Vain Loan of the Bridgeport Livery Stable is my authorized agent at Bridgeport. All orders left at the stable will be promptly attended to.

GEORGE MOYLE,

Bridgeport, February 10th, 1888.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 4, 1890

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Harvey Boone came over from Bodie on Monday on snowshoes and brought the letter mail and a few papers.

Prof. Hampton spent New Year's in Mason Valley.

Miss Ada Donnel is in Aurora.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—The New Year came in rather pleasantly, although most of the day on New Year's Day there was a chilly northwest wind. The morning hours were very quiet, but few sleighs being out, but in the afternoon almost everybody took a sleigh ride, which made our streets pretty lively. The several saloons entertained their friends with "Tom and Jerry," and there were the usual social dinner parties. In the evening Bryant's Hall was filled by lovers of the dance, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Allen, Thos. Coyle and C. L. Hayes furnishing the music. A good supper given by Mrs. A. Huntoon was relished about 11 o'clock, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until about time for the roosters to begin to crow. As a whole, the day was observed as a good moral community like this should pass a holiday.

DEATH OF A PIONEER.—William Palmer, agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. at Sweetwater, Nev., died there on the afternoon of December 20th, after a short illness. The deceased was a native of New York City, and came to California in 1849. He leaves a brother, Henry Palmer, formerly of the firm of Allen & Palmer, who built most of the Sonoro and Mono wagon road, but now a prominent liquor merchant of San Francisco. The deceased was a man of fine appearance and universally esteemed, and he will be greatly missed at Sweetwater. The remains were interred at Aurora.

THE MAILS.—The only respectable mail this town has received since Saturday, December 21st, was brought from Bodie on Thursday by Ole Dedrickson on snowshoes, Walters meeting him at Mormon Station and bringing it to town. He carried thirty pounds of mail eight miles. The distance to be made on snowshoes is too short to be any excuse for not sending the mail through regularly, when it is not storming hard in the mountains.

A "SURPRISE."—A large number of their friends "surprised" A. P. Allen and wife at their residence on Tuesday evening to speed the departing and welcome the new year. What with vocal and instrumental music, social converse, etc., the evening passed quickly, none departing until the New Year had come, when the compliments of the season were exchanged and the visitors departed, having had an enjoyable time.

BACKED OUT.—The Kirkwoods, who contracted to break the road from here to Bodie, started out on Sunday morning last and returned home about noon on Thursday, having gone within two and a half miles of Bodie, when the great depth of snow compelled them to back out. They got back just in time to escape the storm of Thursday night, which added greatly to the depth of snow on the road.

MORE "BEAUTIFUL."—After a heavy gale on Thursday, snow commenced falling soon after dark and continued all night, adding several inches to the old deposit, and insuring a longer spell of sleighing.

Two inches of snow fell last night, and more may be looked for during the day.

SOME SNOW.—The snow is about five feet deep at Bodie, and 18 inches at Bridgeport. On the Sweetwater mountains it is about 5 feet deep. At Markleeville, Alpine county, on Christmas Day, it was 5 feet on a level, and so deep on the Alpine mountains as to interfere with wood chopping.

CLEARED.—After a heavy gale in the early hours of Monday morning, and a little spitting of snow during the forenoon, the wind veered around and blew chilly from the northwest, clearing overhead and giving us a clear sunset, the first witnessed in many weeks.

THE AMOUNT.—Tax Collector Cody has collected about $17,500 taxes, and there is considerable on the way, detained by the snow blockade. A large amount will yet be paid, so that at the round up the actual delinquency will be light.

SWEETWATER ROUTE.—George Moyle was to start from Bodie this morning, by way of Sweetwater, with the delayed mails and express for this place, but the storm of last night and night before may detain him.

WILL MEET.—The Board of Supervisors will meet in regular session on Monday next.

GO, OR SEND, TO SILAS B. SMITH, Main street, Bodie, California, if you need Marseilles Quilts; Honey Comb Spreads; Blankets; Bed Comforters; Sheets; Pillow Cases; Napkins in White, Turkey Red, or Cross Bar; Crash; Hand Towels; Bar Towels; Men's and Boy's Suits; Overcoats; Blanket Lined Clothing, Boots, Hats, Fur Caps; Ladies' and Misses, Underwear, Hosiery, Shawls, Dress Goods, Button Boots, Slippers and Handkerchiefs. Remember Silas B. Smith, Main street, Bodie, California. Goods Delivered Free to any part of Mono or Esmeralda Counties.

All previous years are far surpassed by the roll of 1889, containing names of trotting and pacing horses which made records of 2:30 or better. There are on the roll no less than 782 names, and the total of horses in the 2:30 ranks is now very nearly 5,000. Breeders are interested in the sires more particularly, and in this connection an interesting fact is revealed by the compilation. Egbert, a son of Hambletonian, who has not been particularly fashionable nor gained great favor before now, leads all others with the extraordinary number of sixteen to his credit—a much larger 2:30 crop than any other horse ever produced as an annual offering. Belmont, who recently died at Woodburn Farm, ranks next, with eleven; Happy Medium and Onward have ten each, and Electioneer and Nutwood nine each.

The Futurity stakes next year, it is expected, will be worth $75,000. It is estimated that in 1892 the prize will not be less than $100,000, the richest ever run for in this or any other country. The immediate effect of a permanent institution like the Futurity Stake is to induce farmers in every part of this broad land to buy at least one thoroughbred mare with the hope of eventually producing a Futurity winner. In course of time the great spirit which actuated the English and French in endeavoring to win the Derby will be intensified in this country in the great annual strife for this splendid prize.

STANLEY HAS COME!

The Hero of Africa.

A New Book of His Wonderful Adventures.

Henry M. Stanley stands now as the greatest explorer and adventurer the world has known. He is the hero of the most remarkable discoveries in all the records of daring and explorations.

Emin Pasha was wandering somewhere in the tropical wilderness, and struggling to hold the country of which he was ruler. Stanley hastens to the rescue. He vanishes from the sight of the civilized world; months and seasons pass, and still no news from Stanley.

After untold privations and amazing triumphs, he emerges from the wilds of the Dark Continent accompanied by Emin Pasha. In his last great triumph he has put the climax upon all his previous explorations and victories.

His adventures and discoveries have been grand, wonderful and marvelous. The full and authentic accounts will be related in the new genuine Stanley book, from his first entrance into Africa, and richly illustrated with over 400 of the grandest and most wonderful new engravings and colored plates ever seen in a book of travels. The History Company, 723 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., are the publishers. The book will be sold by subscription only. Agents are wanted to sell the book, to whom most liberal inducements will be offered on application. We call attention to the advertisement in another column.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the House of Representatives, is a native of Philadelphia and was born in 1822. He lost the sight of one eye when quite young, and the other soon became practically useless. He mastered the blind alphabet, and at the age of twenty was ordained a minister. After that he traveled over two hundred thousand miles, filling appointments to preach in all the Southern States. Within the last thirty years he has preached in nearly every State in the Union and in some European countries. He has been Chaplain of the House since 1883 and can, in all probability, hold the place indefinitely.

If the State of Ohio is to be subjected to further disgrace in the election of men who are made of money to the Senate, let the Democratic party be distinctly and exclusively responsible for it. Do not let us have an effusion of Republican sympathy sputtered along the pathway of the purse-proud as they march up into Senatorial grandeur, impelled and guided by the capacity of their check books.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Andre, a notorious Buenos Ayres bandit, was lately captured at Genoa, having sailed under an assumed name from Buenos Ayres for Genoa. When the steamer arrived he was arrested. He had 30,000 francs in gold, two receipts for large sums of money in a French bank, and a box of jewelry of great value. He was accompanied by his family.

The way these monstrosities are being swept from the face of the earth brings a tear to the eye of the American heiress. What will become of the surplus, when there are no more titles to buy?—St. Paul Globe.

A cave lately opened in the Lane mine, at Angels Camp, Calaveras county, which buried fifteen men. Most of them left families.

The influenza is very bad at Cleveland, Ohio.

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning,

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "keep the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stimulus that the feeble require, to permanently reinforce digestion and assimilation. It overcomes biliousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaint, dizziness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

Where Woman is Queen.

In Ohio, a married woman's rights are co-equal with her husband's. Whatever a man may do a wife may do also. If she owns separate real estate she can sell and convey it without consulting her husband. If she wants to mortgage or lease her farm or house or lot, she is at perfect liberty to do so. If she possesses personal property it is her own, and it will pass to her husband only by her consent. The law regarding man and wife has been completely revolutionized by a recent act of simplification. She can buy and sell, sue and be sued, in her own name, without any intervention of her husband or "next friend." If she is in debt when she marries her husband is not bound to pay the indebtedness unless he chooses. The creditor must collect from the real debtor. In other words, the rights of man and wife are made exactly identical. Whatever right the man possesses under the marriage relation, the same right is possessed by the wife without modification or abridgement. According to the law of Ohio today, husband and wife are not one person, but two separate and distinct individuals as far as their independent right to acquire and dispose of personal, real and mixed property is concerned. If she tells her next-door neighbor an antiquated parallelogram and no better than the hypothenus of a right-angle triangle, her unfortunate husband is not bound to go into the court and be mulcted ten thousand dollars, more or less, for slander. Some of the most complicated and vexatious litigation which has ever lumbered up the dockets of the Ohio courts, enriched lawyers, and impoverished widows and orphans, will be prevented hereafter rendered impossible by this law.

Delusions About Snakes.

Much of the popular delusion concerning snakes is contradicted by Mr. Ruthven, of the Smithsonian Institution. The enormous hoop-snake, which takes its tail in its mouth and rolls along like a hoop, and the blow snake, the breath of which is deadly, exist only in the imagination. The idea that serpents sting with the tongue is erroneous. An impression prevails that the number of poisonous snakes is great, but in North America there are but three species—rattlesnake, the copperhead or moccasin, and the coral. Snakes do not jump; they reach and lean forward—perhaps half the length of their bodies.

Russian Tea Drinking.

The Russians are a nation of tea-drinkers; coffee is rare; tea is universal, and universally good. The best tea I ever drank was in Russia; they drink it at all hours and without regard to quantity—sometimes ten cups at a sitting, and yet, apparently, with impunity.

The samovar, in which the water is boiled by means of a charcoal fire, are found over all the Empire. They are called samovars, and I found it important to include in my Russian vocabulary the word "samovar." Their method of making and drinking tea has been noticed by all travelers in their country.

They claim that water at the boiling point is destructive to the good qualities of tea, so they draw their tea with water just below that point. They use thin glass tumblers, with ordinary saucers; sometimes the women use cups but the men never; the tea is poured into the saucers, which are held on the upturned ends of the thumb and fingers of the right hand; milk and cream are rarely used; a block of cut sugar is held in the left hand, from which they nibble pieces, as they slowly sip their delicious, wine-colored tea.

Art Education for Women.

"Since cultivation of art must be free into people, and slowly assimilated by them," says Mary A. Livermore, "it is a matter of congratulation that in so many American cities a movement for industrial art education has been well begun.

"The woman who has a thorough art education is rarely ever in want of employment. The demand for art teachers is in excess of the supply. Thirteen young ladies who graduated from a school of design in one of our Eastern cities found immediate and lucrative employment. Occupation in the useful and ornamental arts will give to the rising ambition and talent of American girls a large and noble scope.

"There is an unworked mine of untold wealth among us, says Professor Walter Smith, in the art education of women. We could utilize much human life, now profitably occupied, by educating and employing women as teachers of art. There are also many branches of art workmanship, requiring delicate fingers and native readiness of taste, which could be better performed by women than men. There is, therefore, for young women obliged to think for self support, a large and hopeful future. Industrial art furnishes them with a fitting for many kinds of employment pleasant and profitable, labor well suited to their tastes, their strength, and capacity. They must be willing to elevate their standard of preparation; must be content to serve a long and sometimes labor ous apprenticeship to their various professions.

"No investment of funds will yield a large an interest to an American city as the money given to found technical and industrial schools, where gifted and promising girls can be trained for such occupations at small expense to themselves. Their commercial value, alone, should give them practical importance in any community. And as an industrial art and fine art have, in the main, the same elementary basis, what ever promotes the former must aid the latter directly or indirectly; and thus the public taste will be elevated, and the public judgment of art-matters educated.

"I have emphasized the need and value of art-education for women, because of the deficiency in this respect in our present school systems; and because it offers to the ambition of women an almost limitless help, not crowded with applicants, as is the profession of teaching.

"And when, in addition, a New England manufacturer makes the statement that the designs used in his factory costing thousand dollars yearly, every dollar of which goes to England, France and Germany, and that the same designs might have been made within a mile of his mill for five thousand dollars, if an art school had been maintained there for five years, we have a very strong reason for the conviction that the technical schools and schools of design, already doing such good work, will be increased and thoroughly efficient. When was an American accused of indifference to any question of money-saving or money-making? The difficulties in the way of art-education vanish daily. Its agencies and its area have doubled in the last six years, and are already providing employment for large numbers of women."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE

GREAT ADDITIONS

Made to

SILAS B. SMITH'S

IMMENSE STOCK OF

SEASONABLE GOODS

AT

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

NEW FALL AND WINTER

Stock of Men's Wear of

EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Men and Boys can obtain

COMPLETE OUTFITS.

LADIES, MISSES,

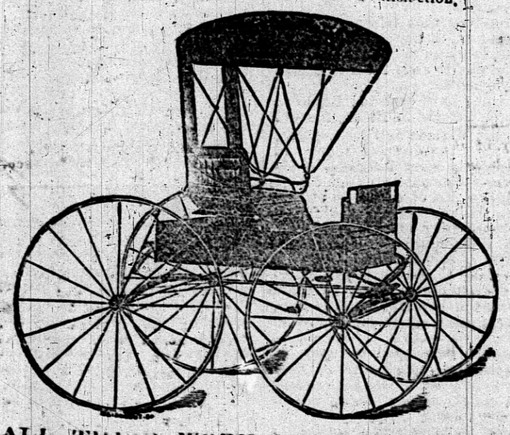
AND CHILDREN

Can find nearly everything they need at

SILAS B. SMITH'S.

THE GREAT CARRIAGE HOUSE,
OF THE PACIFIC COAST.
MAXON & ACKLEY,
911 and 913 Second Street,
Sacramento, Cal.

00 of their Celebrated Open and Top Buggies, Phaetons, Carriages, Sporting, Grocery and Fruit Wagons, have been sold and are now in use in California and Nevada, and [illegible] satisfaction.



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Their new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application.

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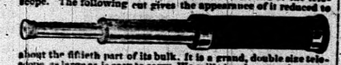
Preparing Land Patents, Filing Documents, and Conducting Contests on Moderate Terms. Send for Circular to

HENRY N. COPP, Attorney
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Every Settler should have COPP'S SETTLER'S GUIDE, 124 pp.; price only 25c. (postage stamps)

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES AROUND IS MADE VISIBLE TO THE EYE. AYE MORE

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world, 60 inches magnified, and to introduce our superior goods we will send one to ONE PERSON in each locality, as shown. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to



about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $1 to $10 a day at least, from the start, or without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 960, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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MARY'S DOUBLE.

It was a pleasant June morning in Baden-Baden.

Returning to her hotel at precisely eight o'clock, after her morning "constitutional," Miss Mariana Robinson called at room thirty-two to see Miss Niass for a moment, and then she would go out and rout the lazy girls—Miss Rhodes and Miss Thurston—and make them go to breakfast with her.

These three girls were spending a year in Germany, studying and traveling under the care of their friend and former teacher, Miss Niass. They had been abroad since October. For a month they had been staying at the Hotel Victoria in Baden-Baden, and for a week Miss Niass had been quite ill, and confined to her room.

As Mariana entered Miss Niass's room, the latter looked at her with evident anxiety, and said:

"I was wishing very much to see you. Here is a cable dispatch, which I have just received from your father."

It was directed to "Miss Mary Robinson, Hotel Victoria, Baden-Baden," and was as follows:

"Come home immediately. Have secured state-room for you on the Abyssinia, leaving Liverpool the 10th.

"J. ROBINSON."

"What can it mean?" said Mariana. "I cannot understand it. If any of them are sick, or anything, it would have been so much better to have told me plainly than to put me in suspense."

One thing was clear; her passage was engaged on the Abyssinia for the 10th, and on the Abyssinia she must go. This was the 6th, and no time was to be lost.

"You will have to take the ten o'clock train to Carlsruhe, Mary," said Miss Niass, "and there you can connect through to Cologne to-night. You have an hour and three-quarters to get ready."

After sending Mariana to her breakfast, Miss Niass called the landlord.

"You are sure," asked Miss Niass, a sudden thought striking her, "that there is no other Miss Robinson in the hotel?"

"Yes, madam, there is no other person by that name. The letters to Miss Robinson are sometimes addressed to Miss Mary and at other times to Miss Mariana Robinson. This I have observed. I suppose it is all one name."

"Yes," replied the lady, and remembered as she spoke that Mr. Robinson always called his daughter Mary.

With a heavy heart Mariana traveled all the long day. She reached Cologne after dark. The next day's journey brought her to Antwerp. Her cab stopped at a stone curbing which extended the length of the street; beyond it was a confusion of shipping, horses, drays, freight, and the like; on the other side blank warehouses.

Mariana looked out anxiously. She alighted and gave the driver two or three coins. At this he seemed to become very angry, put the money back in her hand, and started to get back on the box, as if he intended driving off with her trunk.

"Mademoiselle, can I be of any assistance to you?" said a voice in French.

Mariana turned and saw a gentleman standing at her side.

She explained to the stranger that she wanted to find the steamer that was to start for Harwich in half an hour, and that she could not understand a word the driver said, and that he would not take the money she offered him.

The gentleman called the driver, who came up, looking sheepish and mortified. He talked with him a moment, and then, turning to Mariana, said:

"The fellow says it was Rhenish money. He can get it exchanged. I am going to the same steamer, and will show you the way."

Mariana followed him, and the driver brought up the rear with her trunk.

Under the care of her new friend, Mariana passed through the ordeal of the Harwich custom-house quickly, and made the trip to London without anxiety.

After seeing her safe in a cab, and directing the driver to take her to the Langham Hotel, he bowed his most courteous adieu, and Mariana drove away with a little feeling of regret that she had seen the last of him.

The morning of the 10th she went to Liverpool, and in the afternoon she went on board the steamer.

They weighed anchor at sunset. Mariana was standing at the vessel's stern. Turning, her attention was arrested by a glimpse of a gentleman pacing the quarter-deck alone.

It was the French gentleman who had shown her politeness on her journey.

She started toward the hatchway and met him. Recognizing her, his face lighted up with unaffected pleasure.

From that moment the two were "good comrades."

On the fifth day out from Liverpool, Count de Rochefontin—that was the gentleman's name and title—came to her as she sat on deck, and remarking in English:

"I have something to show you, Mees Robinson," he handed her a photograph of a girl of her own age.

Mariana looked long and steadily at the picture, half fascinated by it, the count meanwhile standing at her side scanning her face with pride and eagerness in his own. Finally he exclaimed:

"*Eh bien!* And what is it that you will say in regard to that portrait?"

"It is exquisitely lovely," said Mariana, still looking at the portrait.

"*N'est-ce pas?*" he cried, forgetting his English, and then with a truly French gesture he added: "Ah, mademoiselle, it is the lady of my heart."

Mariana had an open heart for a love story, and in a few words of cordial interest drew out that of De Rochefontin.

The young lady who, strange to say, was, like herself, named Mary Robinson, had been for a year in Paris. The Count had a few months ago offered his hand to her in marriage.

She was willing to give it, but on writing to her parents in America they made strong objections—apparently for the sole reason that he was a foreigner.

Several letters had passed back and forth with no satisfactory result, and he had finally determined to go to America and plead his own cause.

He had been obliged to go to his chateau in Normandy for several weeks before embarking, and Miss Robinson had joined friends with whom she was to travel.

It seemed to be a great affliction to him that he could not know her exact whereabouts. The plans of the people with whom she was to travel were not fully made, and all his letters had to be addressed to her Paris bankers and forwarded by them.

Mariana asked if the young lady's father knew that he was coming to America.

"Ah, no, mademoiselle, it is a secret most profound. I am informed that he is a gentleman of slightly eccentric temper, and it would not be best to excite him beforehand. More than that, he might see fit to be away from home. He resides in New York."

Seeing the man as she did every day and all day long, Mariana had a fine opportunity of studying his character. He seemed to her a high-bred, cultivated gentleman, of singular simplicity and honesty of character, and that he was thoroughly in love was beyond question.

Having formed this opinion of the man, and being strongly interested in his mission to America, Mariana determined to do all in her power to favor it.

When the Abyssinia anchored in New York harbor, Count de Rochefontin proposed that she should wait on the steamer while the tugboat made its first trip to the dock, and he would go and find her father, and bring him back with him to the steamer. In that way she would have a chance for a little quiet talk alone on first seeing him, instead of meeting him in all the noise and confusion of the dock and Custom House.

Count de Rochefontin, on landing from the tug, stationed himself near the line of waiting friends, watching them narrowly for Mr. Robinson.

His eyes soon fell upon a stout elderly gentleman in light gray clothes. He wore a heavy gray mustache, and had an important, business-like air.

He was evidently on the alert to see a friend among the passengers, and beginning to knit his heavy eyebrows and grow very red when the tug having landed all her passengers, the person he expected did not appear.

The second officer of the Abyssinia had landed, and De Rochefontin heard the old gentleman say to him:

"Young lady by the name of Robinson on the boat, sir?"

This was enough. De Rochefontin advanced; and, as Mariana had told him that her father did not understand French, said, in the best English he could command, bowing very low as he spoke:

"Allow me, monsieur. Mademoiselle, your daughter, remains upon ze ship."

"Heh?" The old gentleman glared rather fiercely at De Rochefontin, who bowed courteously and remarked:

"Miss Robinson waits for you on the ship, monsieur. She is slightly discomposed at the prospect of seeing you."

"Oh, she is," interrupted the other. "Well, I should thing she ought to be;" and he laughed with a deep and not very mirthful "haw, haw, haw."

The tug was now ready to return to the steamer, and the two gentlemen stepped aboard.

"Who are you, anyhow, sir?" asked Mr. Robinson, facing about abruptly upon his companion.

De Rochefontin handed him his card. The old gentleman grew very red and exclaimed:

"Theodore de Rochefontin! What, you are the man who wants to marry my daughter?"

"Ah no, monsieur, pardon me, I haf not that honor. Mademoiselle, your daughter, is a young lady very amiable. I admire, oh, very well; but my heart, monsieur, he belongs to another," and De Rochefontin bowed again.

"It does? Then what in the name of wonder are you traveling around with my daughter for, sir? I demand an explanation!"

"I make the journey with mademoiselle simply as a *compagnon de voyage*."

"Now, see here, young man, your name is Theodore de Rochefontin, and you belong to the Bourbon *noblesse*, whatever that is, and own a chateau in Normandy, don't you? and you're the soul of honor and chivalry, aren't you? Hold on! I believe I've got the inventory of your attractions right here;" and he began taking a handful of letters out of his pocket.

"*Mais, monsieur!*—that affair becomes now hopeless; let us, *de bonne grace*, I pray you, advise mademoiselle your daughter with it."

They now stepped on board the Abyssinia. Mariana was waiting for them on deck, pale and anxious.

"*Voici, monsieur!*—mademoiselle, your daughter, will make right all that affair."

"My daughter!" exclaimed the old gentleman, staring at Mariana. "Never saw the young lady in my life!"

"This is not my father," said Mariana.

"My name is Robinson," declared the old gentleman. "James Robinson, of the firm of Robinson and Sharpe, woolbrokers, New York City."

"And mine is Mariana Robinson, of Mamaroneck," exclaimed the girl. "My father's name is Joseph Robinson; he is a lawyer."

"Know him well—know him well," said Mr. Robinson cheerfully, "but I didn't see him on the dock."

"I received a telegram from him two weeks ago telling me to come home by this steamer. I cannot understand his not meeting me."

"You received that telegram! How in the world did that happen? I sent it to Drexels, in Paris, to be forwarded to Mary. She was to keep them informed of her movements."

"They must have expected her to be at the Hotel Victoria, in Baden, the 6th of June," said Mariana half sorrowfully; "for they sent the dispatch there, and as I was the only Mary Robinson at the hotel, and as the dispatch was dated New York—father would of course go to New York to telegraph to me—I never dreamed of its being for any one but me. So I have taken this journey all for nothing!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Robinson, "I'll take you out to Mamaroneck this afternoon. I ordered my daughter to come home because in her last letter she got pretty independent about some French adventurer she'd taken it in her head to marry—fellow's name same as this."

"He is the gentleman to whom your daughter is engaged, and he has crossed the ocean simply to beg you to reconsider your decision."

"Then he can cross back again double quick," said the old gentleman.

Mariana saw that she now held the matter in her own hands to a great extent.

At a word from her De Rochefontin walked away, leaving her alone with Mr. Robinson. She proceeded to plead the cause of the two lovers.

"Oh, you're like all women," he said, "you can't resist the beard and title."

But as she went on he listened to her gravely, and by the time the tug was ready to return he assured her that he would invite De Rochefontin to his house and take the matter into serious consideration. He insisted that Mariana should go home with him also to luncheon. By doing this the girl had a chance for a little talk with Mrs. Robinson, when the Frenchman's interests were not neglected.

On her arrival home Mariana found her mother ill. The presence of the oldest daughter was of all things desired.

Within a week Mary Robinson, who had arrived in Baden-Baden the 7th of June, but had not gone to Hotel Victoria because it was full, and had called at the post-office for her mail, received the following cable dispatch:

"Come home at once. Your count not so bad after all. You owe everything to your double, who has promised to be first bridesmaid. For further particulars apply to Miss Niass, Hotel Victoria. J. ROBINSON."

THE NEST IN THE GROVE.

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all the chords with might."
—Tennyson.

I do not know why I should call it a nest, for it is only a little bit of a cottage with a red roof and narrow windows, a modern Queen Anne, and a very modern and wholly anomalous edition at that. But there are two young birds who have gone to live there, and such a billing and cooing as they have kept up, since they came, reminds me of a pair of thrushes that always nest in my orchard, so I call them the "honey birds" and the cottage "the Nest."

The grove is not exactly a grove, but a lawn with a great many elms, and maples and birches scattered over it. In summer time it looks like a perfect wood, and the red roof and the little stained glass windows are almost hidden under a canopy of green.

"My "lovely birds" are married, of course,—married so short a time ago that they have not yet forgotten the fact, as most married folks do. Jack—that is "he"—is a teller in a bank, and Bessie—that is, "she"—never was anything in particular, except a spoiled darling; and now that she is married she is worse spoiled than ever.

I ought not to be watching them, I suppose, but I can't help it. When I sit at my window in the evening, I cannot help looking right down into the grove, and, of course, I can't help seeing the happy young people, as they walk in and down on the grass under the trees and, inasmuch as I have no natural closers to my ears, it is impossible then now and then, I should not hear what the honey birds say. Watching without meaning to, and listening without being able to help it, I have come to certain conclusions about young married love. And they are such as follow:

The bliss of the honeymoon is something altogether different from the bliss of the lover, which precedes it, and from the bliss of settled married life, which follows it. It is a period of revelation. Before it begins—unless the engagement has been a phenomenally long one—neither of the young people knows the other, except in the most superficial sense. It could not be otherwise. But now each has taken the golden key to marriage, and unlocked the other's heart, and is peering in. Everything, *everything* depends upon what is seen just in this little time, when the moral panorama is unfolding. Is it any wonder that the bliss of the honeymoon should be something perilously fascinating? Everybody knows the pleasure of discovery;—and here is a voyage into the most beautiful and marvellous region known to man—the region of the soul!

From observing the honey birds I know that they have met with some strange surprises, in their mutual voyage. Jack has said, "Oh!" a great many times with a great many inflections, and sometimes he has been strangely silent. All the time he was learning new things about Bessie. And Bessie on her part, has looked up with such surprise, and has looked down with so much of reflection! She has laughed so strangely, and sometimes so wonderfully happily, and then again—shall I say it?—she has cried!

They are learning each other. God grant they may learn nothing amiss. They are feeling the wonderful charm of a wonderful voyage into a wonderful region. God grant neither of the little silken-sailed barques may overset!

Again, I have concluded that young married people must quarrel sometimes—or be forever miserable. Jack and Bessie quarrel,—indeed they do. Jack doesn't like Bessie's way of arranging her hair. Bessie wants Jack to get out of his whiskers. Neither will yield the point. There are a thousand other little things that set them at sturdy points. But I have always noticed that after a quarrel there are as many kisses as two birds after a shower. I can always tell the smack of Jack's kiss when they are "making up." It is a rapturous sound. There is some motive and purpose to it. 'Tis not a kiss for kissing's sake. And if it must be repeated, as is often the case, to kiss a tear from Bessie's cheek, it is enough to thrill the nerves of the most mummified old heathen that ever frowned on youthful lovers. Tell me there is not grace in lovers' quarrels! I tell you there is grace and necessity, too.

I have been impressed with the fact that young married people are not silly as lovers are. The common impression of honeymoon is that it is a period of unlimited saccharine foolishness, which must disgust an impartial observer. False, false—utterly false! There is something so sacred about this season of mutual revelation that the "ducky" and "pootsey-wootsey" characteristics given it by old-bachelor writers, who love to make fun of what they have foolishly thrown away, are wholly irrelevant and are seldom met with in real life. It is holy confidence, it is sweet communion, between man and wife. It is "dearest" instead of "honey," "my love" instead of "pootsey-wootsey,"—at least, so it is with Jack and Bessie. I do not hear Jack paying silly compliments; I do not hear Bessie acknowledging them with senseless giggling. These are the things of the days long ago. True romance takes the foolishness out of the most foolish heart. One peep into another's soul, and you do not have to play with the eyes for secret meanings.

I do not know as I ought to have said what I have about the proprietors of the Nest in the Grove. I almost hope that the reader, seeing the non-communicative title of this paper, will pass it over, not knowing the breach of confidence it discloses. And I particularly beseech the editor not to send a marked copy to Jack and Bessie, they might, being very much engaged with other things, see an article that purported to tell only about birds.

Pearl Pastor.

Wild Speculation at a Fair.

The other day at the Neuilly Fair in the environs of Paris, a tall Bohemian, emaciated and in rags, went about from table to table before the cafes and restaurants under the trees with a violin under his arm. The majority of the guests preferred to give him a couple of sous to having their conversations interrupted.

At one table, however, he came upon a stout gentleman, who, being fond of music, signed to him to go on and play. The poor fellow did not move. The stout gentleman insisted. At last the beggar took his violin from under his arm and showed his would-be patron it had no strings.

"What do you carry it about with you for if it has no strings?" asked the astonished amateur.

"Monsieur," replied the beggar with a philosophical acuteness of distinction that would have done credit to an Academician, "it is not an instrument, it is only a threat!"

MINING NOTICES.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

MONO GOLD MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, Bodie Mining District, Bodie, Mono county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of November, 1889, an assessment, No. 29, of Twenty-five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of December, 1889, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on

FRIDAY, the 24th day of JANUARY, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

B. L. BURLING, Secretary.

OFFICE—Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

jan23 td

Assessment Notice.

BODIE CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, Bodie Mining District, Bodie, Mono county, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of November, 1889, an assessment (No. 11) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th day of December 1889, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 22d day of January, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

B. L. BURLING, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 62 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

nu6-td

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

THE TAX PAYERS OF MONO COUNTY, California, are hereby notified that the Assessment Roll of Mono County, California, has been delivered to me by the Auditor, and that State and County Taxes for the year 1889, are now due and payable, and will become delinquent on the 30th day of December, 1889, at 6 o'clock, P. M., and unless paid prior thereto five per cent. will be added to the amount thereof, and the law in regard to the collection of taxes will be strictly enforced in compliance with the statutes.

From this date I will be at my office, in the Court House, in the town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, where payment of taxes must be made.

☞ A change in the law passed by the last Legislature makes the State and County taxes payable only at the office of the Tax Collector.

Dated this 28th day of October, 1889.

M. J. CODY,

n2 Sheriff and Tax Collector of Mono Co.

MEDICAL.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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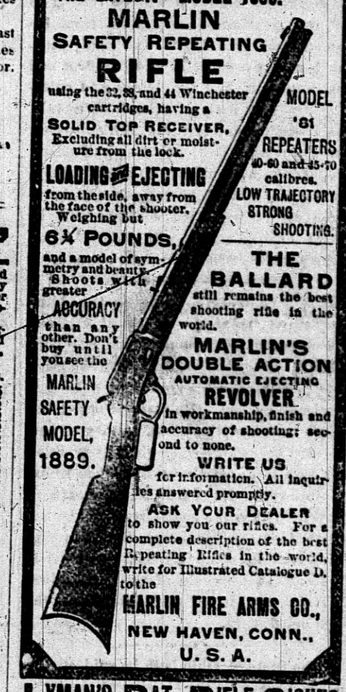

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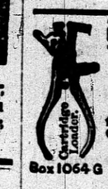

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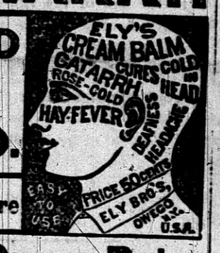

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